

A

SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

MRS. LOVISA EVANS,

OF CHARLESTON DISTRICT,

SOUTH CAROLINA.

BY HER DAUGHTER.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

CHARLESTON.

PUBLISHED BY W. R. BABCOCK,

SIGN OF FRANKLIN'S HEAD,

CORNER OF KING AND WENTWORTH STREETS.

1847.

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## NOTE.

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This sketch is written to the relatives of the deceased, who are living in the different states of the Union. As there are so many of them to write to, we have had it printed in a small pamphlet, so as to be sent to them all.

I am not competent to write for the public eye ; but I humbly ask the readers of this little piece—the first fruits of my pen—to look over my mistakes and forgive them. It is written with the purest feelings of regard toward my beloved parent, and some who may read it can vouch for the truth of all written therein.

At the request of the friends, I commit it to the press, hoping that if it does no good, it will do no harm.

RACHEL M. EVANS.

CHARLESTON DIST., S. CAROLINA, }  
July 30th, 1845. }



# MEMOIR.

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MUCH ESTEEMED FRIENDS :

I wish to convince you that my design is not to amuse the readers of this little work with any thing light or trifling. Neither am I desirous to appear in public as an author. But we have been oft and again requested to publish an account of the long and severe affliction of our dear parent. To do this correctly, none of us are able, as it would consume much time and also require more ability than I am in possession of. But I have in these few lines given you a brief narrative of her later years.

I was but ten years of age when my dear mother was taken from me, therefore I am not able to speak much about the early part of her life. But she has told us that she was born some time in the latter part of the Revolutionary War ; that her father was a captain under Gen. Green, and received many wounds, which he carried to his grave. He remained a useful citizen of South Carolina until the day of his death. His name was ADAM SNELL. The subject of this memoir was his second daughter by his first wife. She was married to my father, WILLIAM EVANS, in the year 1800, being as she supposed about seventeen years of age. I have above stated my inability to write on the early part of her life ; for aught I know there may be much to praise and much to blame. I however give her experience as I heard her relate it to one of her sisters at a camp-meeting about five years previous to her death. It was as follows :

“ My life, sister,” said she, “ has indeed been a scene of trouble and affliction, more than I can recount. You know that at the time I married, religion was thought but little of. I had been accustomed to visit the ball-room instead of the church. I was fond of gay company, and therefore I did not like the company of my mother-in-law, who was a strict member of the Methodist Church. We moved to ~~town~~ ourselves, opened a house of entertainment and had one or two balls. When I began to think seriously about my manner of life, and the bad consequences of thus bringing up my children without prayer, I thought it my duty to teach them better ; but none of my people were in the church, and my husband was a man of the world, and I had no hope of his becoming a member of this poor despised sect, or even consenting for me to join them. I made up my mind though, that I would go to church the next preaching day, and join the Methodists, trusting the event to God. We had a ball appointed to be the next week ; I was fearful, therefore, to name my intentions to my husband. I however asked him to go with me to church, and he accordingly did, but knew nothing of the state of my mind, though I was fully determined to be a Methodist, let others do as they would. I entered the church just in time to hear the text, which was in these words : ‘ Come thou and go with us and we will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.’ It seemed as though the whole discourse was directed to me. O that I could tell my feelings at that time. It seemed as if every thing condemned me in the course I had been pursuing. I resolved, therefore, to lead a better life. My mind was full of these things during the whole of the discourse. The minister ended by inviting those, if any were present, who were out of the church, to unite with them, reminding them of the words of the text. I was fully determined to cast my lot amongst the people of God. I started, weeping and trembling ; but what was my joy, when I reached the place where the preacher stood, to meet my husband there ! We both gave him our



hands at the same time. I can never forget the scene of rejoicing among the few Christians that were present, as we gave our hands to the minister. Old brother MOSES MURRAY, who had not long joined the society at that place, was overcome with surprise, and cried out, 'Thank God ! the devil is losing his subjects ; we have two more on our side. Pray on brethren, and we will soon shout old Satan's kingdom down.'

But although the Christians rejoiced much, our former associates persecuted us much more. We were now in the church but knew nothing of that inward peace of mind of which we so often heard others speak. I prayed constantly for this inward peace, but for lack of faith was for some time destitute of it. At length one day, as I was sitting alone in my house, I began to think seriously about the state of my soul. I had attended strictly to all the means of grace since I joined the society, and prayed often ; but yet this heavy weight still hung about my heart. Surely, thought I, I am one of the worst sinners on earth. I thought surely the doctrine of unconditional election and reprobation was true, and that I was one of the reprobates doomed from all eternity to perish. While I was mourning over my awful condition, my hard heart seemed to dissolve and I wept freely. I then took up the bible which was on a table near me, and the first words that caught my sight were these : 'Come unto me all ye ends of the earth and be saved.' O what a world of satisfaction did this passage convey to my troubled mind. Then, thought I, if the invitation of Christ is to all the ends of the earth, I am not excluded. He will surely receive me if I am truly sincere, though I have sinned against Him with a high hand and an out-stretched arm. With those thoughts I dropped on my knees on the floor, and though no human being was near, I prayed most fervently, saying, 'O ! blessed Savior, receive my unworthy prayers ; pardon my past sins ; wash my soul with thine own blood ; remove this load of guilt ; I can plead nothing, for I am a guilty sinner in thy sight. O thou most holy Father, without thy mercy I am lost.' It is

vain for me to try to describe my feelings, for it seemed as if hell from beneath moved to meet me at my coming. O, the horrors I felt are past expression. I kneeled in the presence of the God whom I had offended, in despair, weeping, wringing my hands and praying aloud.

In this state my husband found me when he came from the fields. 'Lovisa, what is the cause of this agonizing grief?' 'Pray for me,' was all the answer I could make. We both went to prayer, but it seemed as if our prayers availed nothing, for the burthen of guilt seemed to grow heavier. One of the negroes ran off for brother MURRAY to pray for us. He and several of the other neighbors came and united with us in prayer. Some time after night, the Lord spoke peace to my soul. It seemed as if the house had been illuminated. O what a change I felt! My sorrow was all turned into gladness. I wished for an angel's wings, that I might fly to my blessed Savior, such a love did I feel. It seemed as if I was standing at the cross and saw him die for me. Ah, I know not what I did. When I came to myself they were singing this beautiful hymn :

"Alas! and did my Savior bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would he devote this sacred head  
For such a worm as I?"

I felt the full weight of the lines as I had never done before, and continued in this happy frame of mind, some times praying and some times shouting, for a long time. But I have been called to pass through some of the most severe trials and afflictions that ever fell to the lot of any poor Christian on earth. Some times I wonder that I have not fainted on the way and given up all. But the Lord is a mighty friend, he has been all my stay and confidence. When all other friends forsook me he was still near, and when every thing else seemed to frown, God remained as ever the same unchangeable friend."



## CHAPTER II.

Thus, my dear friends, I have given you the experience of my mother as I heard it from her own lips up to the time of her conversion ; and as it is not my intention to write all the changes and vicissitudes which she passed through in her long life, I will now proceed to give you an account of her latter years. My father, by some bad management in his store, became insolvent, and had to sell all his property to pay his creditors, except two of the negroes, some house furniture, one horse, &c. This was a severe cross to a woman who had been raised as mother had, never to want for any thing, and to have servants to do all her work. Thus to be sent out in the world homeless, with a large family to raise, she saw herself scoffed at by many who were once glad to get shelter under her roof. But she did not forget to cry to God in her helpless condition, and He that is ever ready to answer the prayers of the truly faithful follower of Christ, heard her prayers. After renting a place for two years, and working with his own hands, (for the two negroes were in the hands of my uncle, who held a mortgage on them,) for the support of his poor wife and children, and no one to help him but his two little sons, my father obtained business on the state road as one of the toll keepers, for which he received the small salary of two hundred dollars per annum. He was now away from us, as it was not convenient to rent a place where the gate was. Mother was accordingly left alone on a little rented farm, with six children to support. The two boys set about making a crop, and the elder sisters to making cloth ; while mother, being a good tailoress, earned money enough to buy our Sunday clothes. Those who were too small to work, went to a free school at night. When the labors of the day were ended, lest any of the children should become drowsy, the first thing after supper was to attend to family prayer, which she took care never to neglect. She often told

us that we were left in a state of poverty, and as she would have no earthly goods to bequeath to us, she wished to leave us a rich inheritance of pious example and precept. Her devout prayers will ever be remembered by all her children. I have often seen her while engaged at her needle and singing her favorite hymn, commencing thus :

“ Come on my partners in distress,  
My comrades through a wilderness,” &c.

as if her countenance had been lighted up with a glow of heavenly brightness, while the tears were streaming from her eyes. She had a spot in the garden where she went every evening about sunset to pray ; I, being very small, would often follow her thither. Often did she place her hands on my head, as I would kneel at her side, and pray for me in the most affecting language which can be used, while the tears, warm from her eyes, fell on my head. These are affecting recollections. She was a subject of extreme affliction from this time until her death.

She was plagued with the rheumatism, which often caused her to keep her bed for weeks together. She read the bible every day to us, and talked much of death, judgment and the grave. She would often read some portion of the scriptures to us, and tell us to ever consider the bible as the book of books ; adding, that from it she drew her greatest consolation, as it was filled with promises to those who would forsake sin and seek the Lord.

Her disease growing more troublesome, father rented a place on the state road, and moved all the family together, where we lived two years. He again left mother and her little ones at that place, and went off to keep the lower gate, taking with him only one of his daughters, leaving the upper gate in the hands of his oldest son. Mother still growing weaker from the effects of her disease, was also moved to the lower place with the little ones, where she had a very severe spell of the fe

ver, which well nigh swept her from the shores of time. She bore it with much patience, often saying that her life of trouble would soon end ; that she was ready, yea, anxious to be gone and be at rest with that Savior whom she loved and served here below. O the good advice of that dear afflicted parent !

I am just now about to commence the affecting part of my narrative. If she was a model of virtue and patience in health, we will find her more so in affliction. There seemed to be always resting on her countenance a sweet smile of heavenly composure, which told to all who came to visit her, that she was ready to go when the Lord should see fit to call her to himself. She was often overwhelmed with the divine presence of God, and would shout and praise God aloud, and exhort all around to meet her in heaven. One night, when she had been much distressed with pains, and to all appearance seemed to be near her end, she called all the family that were present, to her, with several friends, and told them that her time was about to close, and that she wished to bid us all farewell. When we had all gathered around the bed, she began to exhort us to meet her in heaven, reminded us how she had prayed for us, and tried to raise us for God. Said she, " my skirts are clear ; if you are not saved, you cannot say that I did not do my duty in telling you the right way." She then requested them all to unite in singing a hymn and then pray with her, which they did. She was so overcome with the presence of the Lord, that she praised him aloud for some time, then she sank into a sweet sleep which lasted until morning.

When she awoke she seemed quite refreshed and free from pain of every kind. She called father to her and said to him, " Mr. EVANS, I have been dreaming a very pleasant dream which makes me feel very happy, and I am only sorry to find it only a dream." Said she, " methought that I was sick as I am and that I died ; but death seemed as a journey. I thought that I started from here all alone, but I had not gotten far before I was joined by a guide who conducted me to the brink of a small stream which he called death ; he told me that I

would have to cross this stream alone, but to be of good cheer; when I got to the other side I would see many friends who would be glad to see me. At this I went down into the stream, which was very cold but not deep. It not being wide, I soon reached the other side. When I got to the bank and was about to ascend out of the stream, my mind was attracted with the sound of music. I paused a moment to listen to it, when there came a man dressed in clean linen, white as snow, and gave me his hand, saying "welcome, sister, to the enjoyments of heaven." I thought that I felt very happy, and we glided along so swiftly that I could not tell how I came thither. But I soon found myself on a high hill where the sun shone with resplendent brightness, and there was an innumerable host of people all seated on seats white as snow, and all dressed in clean linen, and on the top of the hill there was a throne made of something white and shining as the light, and on it sat God, and Christ at his right hand, and they all were singing these words,

"Glory, honor, praise and power,  
Be unto the Lamb forever;  
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,  
Hallelujah, praise the Lord."

I looked round and saw your mother and mine, and our three children. At this I was so transported with joy that I awoke, and lo! it was but a dream! I am still in this sinful world."

After telling her dream she seemed to be very calm and easy, and began to mend. After she was sufficiently recovered to bear moving, she went up to the upper place and stayed there, (with the exception of three months in the winter she spent with father at his office,) until she took her death sickness. Though she lived to see her husband out of debt, and in possession of some of the goods of this world once more, yet she had many grievous troubles in her family, which I will not trouble the readers of this little pamphlet with; they gave her much trouble, but she bore it with fortitude.



## CHAPTER III.

Some time in the month of July, 1835, she was seized with a fit of spasmodic rheumatism. O that awful scene, how shall I set about a correct description of it. She had been a little unwell for some days and complained much of her old complaint—rheumatism. She had retired to her bed to rest a few minutes, when some of the family heard her making a curious noise, and went into the room and found her in spasms from head to foot. We were soon assembled in the room to witness her death ; she could not speak a word. O, the solemnity of that scene will never be effaced from my memory, and although it has been a long time since it occurred, the tear of sorrow still steals down my cheeks as I write the mournful scene. Here is the kind affectionate wife and mother stranded on a bed of death, enduring the most exquisite sufferings ; that face which ever wore a sweet smile even in trouble, is now all quivering with spasms ; that voice which was ever used in giving advice to those around, and in praying to the God whom she loved and served, is now hushed ; those hands which were ever busy in doing good to those around her are now drawing with pain. She would often lift her eyes to father and look as if she wished to tell him something but could not speak. The doctor was called in, and applying some plasters, ointments, &c. her speech returned. She then told us not to grieve that the Lord had sent for her, and that she had only to wait his time ; “for,” said she, “my work is done—I have tried to raise my children for God ; they know my walk before them ; how I have prayed for them and taught them to read the bible.” She requested us all to meet her in heaven. She then asked father to pray once more with her, which he did. She however revived a little, and at length recovered so as to be moved to a new place which father had bought and settled. But she did not long enjoy ease ; she soon began to be plagued with a cough which increased daily until the doctor pronounced it consump-



tion. Many of her friends came to visit her in her severe affliction, and she seemed to be cheered when they came, and would often ask them to pray with her before they left. Her voice was very weak; but often she would try to sing some favorite tune or other. It went more like the music of heaven than earth. One of her favorite hymns was this :

“ Jesus my all to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon,” &c.

She would sometimes repeat portions of scripture and sometimes shout aloud, though her more common disposition was a mild, even course, never made much noise, but was like the deep current that flows without noise unless disturbed by some turbulent wind. She was always cheerful, and when any person would visit her she would ask them to read and sing for her. Often she would say she was sorry that she was so much trouble to father and the rest of us; but then she would say, “ We must wait God’s time.” When we would tell her that we rather do for her than to lose her, she would say, “ God bless you my dear children, and make you happy when I am gone.”

Every attack came yet more strong. She was reduced to a mere skeleton. Father employed a more experienced physician, who said her disease was a combination of three diseases—the rheumatism, consumption, and the dropsy, which he pronounced incurable. She heard this with the greatest composure, and said, “ I shall soon be released from this poor old afflicted body.” But she had yet five long months to suffer ere she found her wished-for release from trouble and affliction in death. The doctor prescribed some medicine to relieve the pain and cough; but his efforts proved vain. She had another more severe attack of the spasms, after which she remained helpless to the last. She was calm, and would often say, “ I indeed suffer much; but what am I that I should be exempt from suffering? Did not my blessed Savior suffer when in this world, and that for my sins, as

well as the sins of all mankind? Why, then, should I murmur at the afflictions which He in mercy thinks best to send upon me? No; I will try to be patient under all the afflictions it is my lot to endure." And truly she was patient, for all who came to visit her remarked how composed she always appeared. She would reply in language sufficient to melt any one into tears, saying, "I suppose my friends think that I am the most miserable, poor, afflicted creature on earth; but I tell you the case is quite the reverse. No, my friends, some of the happiest days I ever spent has been since I have been on this bed of affliction; and thus when you have seen me suffer so much outward pain, I have been calm within as summer evenings are. I am just waiting the will of God, and if it is His will to prepare me through suffering for a reception into His kingdom, should I lie here and murmur at his Providence? I know that He has been good to me all my life, and He daily visits me with His Holy Spirit. I am often brought to thank Him even for this affliction. I tell you, my friends, I feed daily on heavenly manna, and if there is any thing that I am too impatient in, it is to be gone where I may behold the Savior as He is."

When any of the ministers of the gospel came to converse with her, she always manifested the greatest satisfaction. Her disease increased rapidly until about four months previous to her death, when she became so much swollen with the dropsy, that her right leg and arm bursted, and afterwards her other leg and foot, which made her unable to move any part of her body in the bed, except her head, which she could turn on the pillow with very little help. We had now to sit up all night, and be placing and removing the clothes as they became wet with the water which constantly issued from the holes in her legs and arm, which, in spite of all our care, mortified, and the flesh left the bones in many places. At night when any of us were sitting up with her, she would tell us to read for her some parts of the Book of Job. "Truly," she would say, "am I like Job; but the will of the Lord be done with me." About three or four

weeks before her death old Father MURRAY came to see her. She was then unable to move any part of her body herself. He told her that he wished to speak with her on the state of her soul. Said he, "You have been in the Church a long time—I think more than thirty years. You seemed to enjoy the presence of God in health; I am sorry that I have not been able to visit you as I wished in this long affliction, as I have been very ill myself for a long time, and am just now able to ride out."

Said she, "I am truly glad that you have come to see me once again. I am almost done suffering. I think I shall ere long be freed from this body of affliction, and then I will be at rest far beyond the power of disease and trouble. When I look back," said she, "on my past life, I am led to wonder how I have been supported until this time; but I have always put my trust in God, and have ever found Him willing to hear my prayers. Since I have been on this bed of affliction I have found Him more precious; I have had sweet communion with Him. O! the unspeakable riches of the grace of God to those who put their trust in Him. Yes, brother, I still feel that the Lord is with me, and I am waiting with cheerful hope for the kind messenger of death to convey me to His throne; and do, when I am gone, tell my friends in Targate Church to meet me in heaven. I have prayed much for the prosperity of the Church since I have been on this bed of affliction. I hope the Lord will convert those of my dear children who are not in possession of religion. I have done my duty by them in praying for them. I have taught them all to read the word of God. My husband has been away from home for a good many years, doing state's business, and the care of our little ones has been left solely to me. I feel that I have done all that I could. They know my walk before them. May God take care of them when I am gone, and bring them all to His kingdom. I have been wishing to see you, brother MURRAY, for some time, as I wish you to preach at my funeral when I am gone, and tell my children and friends to meet me in heaven."

Said he, "I will do it with pleasure if I live until that time, but I feel that my time is short. I am much afflicted myself; but if I am able I will comply."

Some two weeks after this I had to be separated from mother, on account of father's being alone at his office, and wished some one of the children to stay with him. I, being small, he sent for me, as I could not be of much service doing for mother, and could afford him some company. This, my dear friends, was the greatest trial I had ever met with. I loved both my parents dearly, and did not wish to grieve either of them; but to leave that kind affectionate mother in this low state, expecting never to see her alive again. I can not describe my feelings as I heard the message to prepare to go. My heart swelled with grief which I could not suppress. Mother called me to her bed and gave me the following lesson, which I will never forget while time and being lasts.

"Come here, little daughter," said she, "come, you must go to your father; you know that he must be lonesome and in a great deal of trouble there by himself, and you are too small to do for me, and you can be some company for father, and if I get worse they will send for him and you." Said I, "Yes, mother, but father is well and you are sick." "Well, you must go and tell him how I am, and may be he will come down, and you can come back." My heart was too full to contain any longer, so I fell on my knees at the side of the bed and gave vent to my feelings in a flood of tears. This excited mother's feelings very much and threw her in an agony of pain, and we all thought her to be dying, and she thought so herself, and seeming to gather strength, continued to exhort the family, who were all gathered in the room, in the most emphatic language to meet her in heaven, saying that she would there be happy without any mixture of grief; then repeated a few verses of the song commencing thus:

"Jerusalem, my happy home,  
O! how I long for thee;



When shall my sorrows have an end,  
Thy joys when shall I see?" &c.

When she had completely exhausted her strength she gradually sank into a calm and appeared to be asleep. I then made preparations to go to father, expecting never to see her alive again. The horses were soon ready, and it was time for us to go. I took a few of my clothes in a little bundle and tried to pass her bed without noise, so as not to disturb her repose; but she awoke just as I was passing, and calling me by name, said, "Surely you are not going to leave me without telling me good-bye?"

"I thought best not to awake you, as you seemed to be in a good sleep, mother," said I; "but now you are awake I am glad to tell you good-bye, and ask you how you feel since your sleep, for father will wish to hear very correctly how you are." Said she, "Tell him to get some body to attend to his business and come back with you as soon as he can, for I am almost gone. You must go to him so as to tell him this, but probably you will not see me alive any more. And now, my dear little daughter, try to remember all the good advice I have given you; be dutiful to your father; go to school; try to learn to be truly useful and virtuous; never lie down or rise up without saying your prayers; you must seek for religion, and ask the Lord to give you a clean heart; never do any thing that you know to be wrong. I will be gone; you will have no mother to advise and instruct you, and, as I have often before said to you, when you hear the cold clods falling on my coffin I hope you will call to mind all I have said to you in this affliction. You have all been dutiful and kind to me in my long affliction, and I know that God will reward you for it."

My heart was too full through all this conversation to utter a word. I therefore listened to this last piece of maternal advice in silence. She seemed as calm as ever I saw her in her life. Ah! I can never describe my feelings to you, my dear friends. I pressed her hand and kissed it with tears for the last time, and thus bid a last and silent adieu to one of the kindest of mothers.



Brother and myself then rode to the toll gate to tell father to come. As I went, I thought, surely this is the last time I am to hear mother's voice; and so it proved, for when we got to father he was alone, with the exception of an old negro whom he had hired to cook for him. He was walking the road in deep silence. As soon as we had alighted he asked brother how we left mother. Brother replied that she was getting worse very fast, and that if he wished to see her alive any more that there was no time to lose; that she herself told us to tell him to come home—that she wished to see him before she died. He then tried to get some person to attend to the gate until after she was gone; but all his efforts failed, and he sent brother back and kept me with him. Oh, the remembrance of those two sorrowful days melts me into tears, even while I am penning these few unconnected pages to you. I have no language to describe the feelings of those two unhappy days. My father's grief was too big for utterance. He would neither eat nor sleep, but walked the road, heaving mournful sighs and groans. On Friday morning, the 14th of February, brother sent for him again with this intelligence, that she was dying. He sought again for some friend to attend to his business, and got one. We then went to see the last of our dear relative; but ere we had reached the spot the immortal spirit had taken its everlasting flight to the mansions of eternal rest. We went into the house and saw several of the neighbors, who had just finished placing her on the cooling-board. They were all in tears, and withdrew when we entered. The body was dressed in white and covered with a white cloth. Father knelt by the side of it, and removed the cloth from her face, which was pale, but wore a pleasant smile. He sobbed convulsively for some time, then replaced the cloth, saying, “‘The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.’ I know my loss is great, but I could not wish her back in this world of suffering. No, dear wife, I bid you adieu, hoping soon to meet you in a better world

than this." He then asked sisters and brother of her death. They told him in the following words :

"After we sent for you that morning, she seemed very composed and cheerful, and talked a good deal about her long illness, and said it would soon be over now, and told us that when she was dying not to disturb her by crying around the bed, and said that she had been praying that she might die without any of us seeing her, saying, that if any thing would make death hard it would be our crying over her. She continued to be very composed, and gave several directions concerning the house furniture, clothing, &c., telling us who she wished to have them ; gave the two oldest girls some directions what to learn the two smaller ones, told us a few words to write to Elizabeth in Tennessee and named some things to be sent to her, saying, 'Dear, child, I will never see her again, but write to her to meet me in heaven, and to try to raise her children for God.'

She then asked for her son that was married, and being told that he was gone to town, she said, 'Send for his wife and children.' We sent, but she didn't come. She then told us to tell Sellers when he came home that she was gone to heaven and that he must try to meet her there, and to raise his children for God. She then called in the negroes and told them that she wanted them to meet her in heaven. She continued in the same way until Thursday night, when she was taken with a fit of spasms which lasted all night until about day-break on Friday morning, when she seemed to get a little more composed, and asked for some tea. When it was handed to her she took it in her own hand and drank it, saying, the next thing she would drink was the wine she was to drink with the Savior, new in His Father's kingdom. She told brother to make her one more fire, saying it would be the last she would need. She then told us to send for your sister-in-law and some of her friends ; then asked us to turn her face to the wall and be silent. We did so ; and as she settled her head on the pillow she said 'Sweet Jesus,' which was the

last word she ever spake. She then began to sing, but so faint that we could not understand what tune she was singing. Just as she stopped singing, sister-in-law came in and was going to the bed to speak to her, but we, supposing that she had fell asleep, motioned to her to stop, and sent the children out; we then went silently to the bed, and looked at her. But she was gone; her eyes were closed as you now see them, and she had a sweet smile on her countenance. We could not refrain from weeping aloud, and as we were making considerable noise, she opened her eyes as if to rebuke us for it, and then closed them for ever."

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#### CHAPTER IV.

Thus, my dear relatives and friends, I have told you of the affliction of your friend and relative; we will tell you of her burial and funeral, and then leave you to find the rest of her virtues recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life. She was interred on Saturday, the 25th of February, 1837, at the family burying ground near Mr. CONAR's, where lie the remains of three of her children. The day was calm and serene, and many of her friends attended. Father MURRAY not being present to preach at the funeral, Mr. THOMAS J. MELLERD sang and prayed at the grave, while the earth was bathed with our tears, and the trees waved their lofty branches in solemn silence over the gaping grave, while some of the friends lowered the beloved remains into its mother dust, and raised a little mound of clay over them.

I will not soon forget the feelings of my heart when the first earth rumbled on the coffin; truly did I think of her affectionate advice and godly example. May God grant that I may ever bear them in mind, until I meet her on the other side of the grave. Some two or three weeks after her burial, old Father MURRAY preached a

very affecting funeral sermon from these words : " Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." He delivered her message to the church in very affecting language, and also to her children, repeating the same words she had told him about three weeks before her death.

Thus lived and died Mrs. LOVISA EVANS, wife of WILLIAM EVANS, and daughter of ADAM SNELL. Her life was indeed a life of affliction and trouble ; but she has left us an example of patience and resignation to the decrees of God, and though she filled an humble sphere in this life, I have no doubt but she now fills a higher station in heaven, and while the worms are dissecting her body, that immortal spirit of her's is drinking freely of the stream which maketh glad the city of God. I trust that all her relatives and friends who may read this little book, will try to imitate her pious and holy example by serving the Lord faithfully in this life, that they may meet her where parting is no more. She was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for more than thirty years, and enjoyed the justifying grace of God, and on her bed of affliction professed to be thoroughly sanctified, and daily showed fruits of the same. Thus she was enabled to enter in through the gate of the new Jerusalem, with singing and everlasting joy. May all her children and friends try to meet her there is my sincere wish.

RACHEL M. EVANS.

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'Tis finished, the conflict is past ;  
The heaven-born spirit is fled ;  
Her wish is accomplished at last,  
And now she's entomb'd with the dead.

No sickness, or sorrow, or pain  
Shall ever disquiet her now,  
For death to her spirit was gain,  
Since Christ was her life when below.



Her soul has now taken its flight  
To mansions of glory above,  
To mingle with angels of light,  
And dwell in the kingdom of love.

The coffin, the shroud, and the grave  
To her were no objects of dread ;  
On Him who is mighty to save  
Her soul was with confidence stay'd.

Then let us forbear to complain  
That she is now gone from our sight,  
We soon shall behold her again  
With new and redoubled delight.

“ And the redeemed of the Lord shall return with  
songs of praise and everlasting joy upon their heads.”



